

"A" boy
Hon. O.C.B.
New College
Oxford.
17. 12. 16.

My Dear Mother,

After such a long time I am writing to you again. By this, of course, you know that I am in Oxford. So far, I have been getting on pretty well in my work and examinations. First exam I only got 58%, next I went higher, getting 85%. Our last exam results are not out yet, but I think I am good for a pass. We also had an oral exam in Musketry, which I passed pretty easily. They did not give us our marks for that. It was just Pass - or not. Our Final comes off on January 11th. In the event of our not getting through the final, we do an extra month's training, or are specially recommended for our commissions.

I did not tell you before that I had

received my second stripe on the 6th of September.
 I would have received my third about the
 end of October, only that I came over here.
 But still, if I am lucky enough, being
 promoted to Second Lieutenant is better than
 all their stripes.

Have been receiving mail in
 "drips and drabs" from France. Charlie is
 keeping well. Will is getting into the
 convalescent stage, and is now at Dartford.

I am getting James leave and
 intend staying with Uncle Will at Ipswich.
 We are getting seven days from the 21st
 to the 27th. Uncle and I are also going
 to try and get Will there. Have also
 had letters from Aunt Maggie. She was
 very pleased to hear from me, and wants me
 to go to Ireland see them, if possible.

By Jove! England is cold. But
 France is colder in winter, I believe. However,
 our boys are back in a quiet part of
 the line again, so you need not worry
 too much about Charlie.

How are all at home? You have the summer there now. I wish I were back there out of this cold. One of our Australians said that "England may be alright for Englishmen, but it's no good for a white man." Everybody laughed, I can tell you, even the English chaps themselves.

When we were at Warwick last week to do our Musketry course, we had a very heavy fall of snow, and then a snow-fight. All the Australians were just like school-boys again, pelting each other. We also went through Warwick Castle. It is a beautiful old place, and well worth a visit.

Please remember me to all old friends. Tell his I shall write to her after Xmas. Wish her many happy returns of the 21st for me. I am looking out for a husband for her. Perhaps a captive German would do.

Well, mother, I guess I shall have to close now, as my hands are

very cold, and there are no news to
give you.

Give my best love to all at home
& let me remain

Your loving son
Jack.

P.S. Merry Xmas & Happy New Year
to you all.
Jack.